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## The General Characteristics of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

Translated from BRENDL'S "History of Music" by Prof. J. C. FILLMORE.

Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven mirror even in their outward relations the development of German conditions and of the German mind in the course of the last century. If we behold Haydn secluded in childlike patriarchal conditions, if we follow Mozart into the checkered variety of life, Beethoven, the lonely, leads us into an inner world, one built up independently of and beside the outer; a world of the spirit, which reaches out beyond the actual; an inner infinity opens to view, in which exclusively, as opposed to the existing world, Beethoven finds the truth. We had already arrived at this view in the last lecture, while considering separately the lives and works of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Let us now enter upon a closer comparison of the characteristics of these three masters, in order to comprehend their essential character more adequately and more deeply.

Haydn, a punctual, order-loving man, always observed conventional limits with strictness; even in the early morning he appeared in complete toilet, so that he needed only to take his hat and cane to be able to go out. As soon as he undertook a great composition, he sought out his best articles of dress, and dressed himself neatly and nicely; only thus adorned was he able to write. He never deviated from an order once established; even when he found himself in a very different position, he never advanced beyond the limits which earlier relations had drawn for him; he continued with strict punctuality to look through his household accounts every evening. The honorable, orderly, intelligently-practical spirit of earlier artists is pre-eminently characteristic of him. That he had lived miserably for a long time, had been for a long time obliged to move in very inferior circumstances, is still noticeable even in later years. In externals, in his position in life, he is a quiet, plain-looking citizen; this and the artist are strictly separated in him. In the inner world the artistic spirit rules absolutely, but it is powerless where the outer world begins.

Mozart, on the other hand, is the free-thinking genial artist, whose whole being Art fills, and who therefore treats all else more carelessly and negligently, immediately determined to such conduct by his own nature. Mozart is the type of an artist in the modern sense; and as at that time in German poetry the earlier barriers were torn down by the men of the "storm-and-stress" period, and Genius established itself as a power by the grace of God, giving law to the world, so we see, too, how Mozart, freed from the fetters which the rigidity of earlier conditions made, puts the

artistic existence as having the higher right as opposed to the external world.

Finally, Beethoven is the boldly self-reliant man, who maintains his own right against a whole world. If formerly the external world was over-powerful, repressing subjectivity, if Mozart shows us the reconciliation of the internal and external, the movement has now reached the opposite side. The individual is the master who prescribes laws for the world, and feels in himself a deeper right than all else in existence, especially political and social conditions, can claim. Either from his own natural character, or consciously, in wantonly humorous mood, Beethoven often overleaps all barriers, and binds himself as little as possible to custom and usage.

The behavior of our masters towards existing institutions may be inferred from this. Haydn "had intercourse with emperors and kings and noblemen, but did not wish to live on a confidential footing with such persons, and preferred to keep to people of his own condition." To characterize Beethoven's view, it is sufficient to recall the well-known anecdote of his conduct at Carlsbad, when, walking for pleasure with Goethe, he waited to be saluted by the Austrian Court, "pressing into the thickest of the crowd," while Goethe stood aside, saluting respectfully. Mozart takes his place midway between the two extremes. When a little boy he "sprang into the lap of the empress and kissed her heartily." When grown up, he showed himself a man conscious of his own worth, but always full of the truest respect for his emperor.

Haydn was unhappily married. When his beloved had gone into a convent, he allowed himself to be persuaded into marrying her sister, whom he did not love. By his own confession he was not insensible to the charms of other women, and when in his old age he charged his departing friends to "greet all beautiful women for him" he showed plainly enough what direction his thoughts had taken in this respect. But in all this there was nothing more than the play of a fancy inclined to bantering. He kept strictly to external order and custom; and when the Queen of England invited him to Windsor, and smilingly remarked to her husband that she "wished to make music *tête-à-tête* with Haydn," he replied; "O, I'm not jealous of Haydn, he is a good, honest German," and Haydn remarked: "It is my greatest pride to deserve this reputation." In such a position there lies undeniably something narrow. The outward forms of propriety determine conduct without being really informed and vitalized by anything inwardly corresponding. So Haydn appears never to have had the happiness of conceiving a noble ideal of womanhood.

Mozart was happily married. But it was not possible for the author of "Don Juan" and "Figaro" to confine himself within the

usual limits. He, like Goethe, was called to depict love in the infinitude of its manifestations; especially called, like Goethe, to set forth in his dramatic creations such a wealth of feminine forms as no one before or since has been able to create. Mozart, like Goethe, loved as an artist. His interest in women was conditioned on his artistic interest in receiving into himself a wealth of personalities, that he might reproduce these expressions through his Art. In spite of all this, how deep and heartfelt his love for his wife was, is shown in a letter of his lately printed in a little pamphlet, "Mozart's *Schauspieldirector*," (Leipzig, H. Matthes).

Beethoven loved deeply, and with vehement passion. His interest was a personal one; he loved only once, and when fortune was not favorable to this love, resignation took its place at first, afterwards humor, and apparently boisterous levity, though this was only outwardly assumed.

Mozart depicted love in its most concrete manifestations; with Beethoven it appears as a purified, idealized passion. In the one case it is a transitory moment; in the other, a power which has laid hold of the innermost core of personality.

Haydn was a strict Catholic in faith and prayed much. Not because the ecclesiastical type of religion was really active in him,—the earnest religious moods of earlier times were entirely foreign to his predominantly cheerful, playful nature, his purely human way of feeling. He prayed because doubt was never awakened in him, standing, as he did, out of the province of reflection; he prayed because he had never passed out of his early habit, and the childlike directness of existence. His real religiousness, his true inner mood is natural religion, is the faith of the innocent child which knows not how to express its devotion except through joy and childish play.

Mozart shows himself more than outwardly touched by the Catholic view of the world. In Leipzig, when in company some one expressed regret that many composers wasted their powers on ungrateful church texts, he spoke with the greatest warmth of the religious recollections of his childhood, and of the blessedness which even the remembrance of this time of faith secured to him. He has shown in his *Requiem* that the impressions of his church had not only touched him outwardly, but had affected his whole nature, and although repressed, were never rooted out of his innermost soul. Mozart, called to reproduce all former times in himself, to gather up their scattered efforts into one great whole, shows also its religious sublimity in himself as something *presupposed*, as *background*; but precisely because he gathered up multifarious elements, using them as material for his new structure, that ecclesiastical elevation could only have importance as a thing of the past;

and hence his religious flights on the whole have no more significance than Goethe's inclination to Christianity in the last years of his life.

Like Goethe, he was pre-eminently worldly-minded; to reveal the Beautiful the task of both. Beethoven, though born a Catholic, like his predecessors, was too deeply moved by modern intellectual activity, reflection predominated too much, his subjectivity was too powerful, to permit him to give himself up to the power of ecclesiastical objectivity. His Christ is a thoroughly worldly hero who attains his not very far removed ideal; but his last great mass shows, with great flights and here and there a Catholic coloring, a certain straining after originality of conception, and a preponderance of subjective arbitrariness: peculiarities which always remain foreign to the blessed regions of true ecclesiastical Art. It is the religion of the future which already announces itself in it; and it is therefore natural enough if the separate sides are more or less involved in conflict with each other, if the organic blending of them is still lacking. The prevailing religious sentiments of former centuries are entirely foreign to our great masters of the modern times; as infinitely as they surpass the olden time in the secular, in the Opera and Instrumental Music, so infinitely does the latter surpass them in the ecclesiastical.

Haydn deceives himself. Externally he holds fast to ancient institutions; internally an entirely new world has sprung up. Mozart consciously goes beyond these bounds, but never reaches a real separation, a thing foreign to his harmonious nature. In Beethoven the rupture is outspoken. He has gone down to hell through the whole scale of worldly gradations; but Beethoven stands at the same time nearest to the elevation of the earlier ecclesiastical view, for in him the whole circle from heaven to earth and back again is passed through, and he has at last expressed prophetically that for which the century struggles, a kingdom of heaven upon earth.

—So we perceive, what is already represented in the outward lives of our masters, a progress from the narrowness of comfortable existence, from inward happiness and satisfaction with the actual to struggle and mighty passion; a progress from *naïve*, unconscious expression to conscious self-comprehension; a progress which even more and more victoriously opposes the inner world of the subject to received tradition. We advance out of the assured habit of life, struggling with all the doubts of the modern consciousness.

Haydn, in his musical culture, took his starting-point from the practical, and, indeed, from the most common, mechanical side of it. As apprentice of a town-musician he began by learning to play all instruments from necessity. External occasions led him to composition, although from his youth up he had practiced it from natural inclination and without instruction, and instinctively reached the poetic in Art. His genius taught him, almost unconsciously to himself, to reach greater and greater depth of expression, and this ever more and more perfectly. But his central-point was always the practical; he always grasped his Art from the practical side, entirely uninfluenced

by speculation and aesthetics, and must be called, therefore, in comparison with his successors, a musician in the narrowest sense.

Mozart's father was better educated than those men with whom Haydn could have intercourse in his early life. He early accustomed his son to combine theory and practice, and led him to the technical as well as the poetical. Hence, if in Haydn genius reveals itself only instinctively, in Mozart we see the most beautiful balance of reflection, art-consciousness on the one side, and native power on the other.

If Haydn was unconsciously a poet, Mozart was so consciously one that he not only filled out little defects of his librettists, but undertook similar work independently. Beethoven early showed a tendency to speculation, to thinking about Art, to close investigation, to opposition, always predominantly conscious in his creative activity. Especially in his later epochs reflection comes out into decided prominence. As for the poetical import of his works, it is that which more and more emancipated instrumental music from the technical limits and the law of rationally-logical elaboration which confined it in the works of Mozart. He, least of all, is a musician in the narrower and more limited sense; he brings music near to a higher spiritual world, and enables it to express poetic states of mind with the utmost accuracy in instrumental music.

In matters not immediately connected with his art, Haydn had received only ordinary instruction. In later years, in the service of Prince Esterhazy, no opportunity offered for further education in these things; and when at last the opportunity came, he was too old to enter upon studies heretofore strange to him, and develop new sides of his nature. Mozart, educated by the world and by life, had already in his early life received the richest and most multifarious variety of impressions.

Beethoven appears to have studied more than his predecessors in his early years, though without plan or method. But his interest was thereby awakened in many subjects not immediately connected with his art, and he thus came into more intimate connection with modern intellectual activity than his predecessors. In purely musical instruction, too, Haydn was the most neglected. He received but limited guidance and was always obliged to learn for himself, everywhere to create anew, while his successors could build on the foundation which he laid. Haydn's views of Art were accordingly totally without scientific development. No one who heard him talk of Art would have recognized a great artist in him. His theoretical reasonings were in the highest degree simple, and he reduced nearly everything to fortunate plan and inward inspiration. Mozart possessed a distinct consciousness of the importance of Art, although not at all in the sense of modern philosophy. But, early conducted to high points of view, many expressions, many passages in his letters, show how clearly he had recognized the great task of the artist, how good an art-critic he was already, even in the modern sense. In Beethoven's mind there dawns as a distinct presentiment the modern philosophic consciousness, which sees in Art

the revelation of the Divine in the world of phenomena, and knows it called to solve the highest problems of the universe.

Haydn changed as a composer at once least and most of the three in the course of his long life; least, in the inward character of his compositions; (his cheerful, clear, playful nature asserted itself early, and continued the same to the end); most in externals. It was not until after Mozart had created his chief works that Haydn produced his greatest and best; not until later that he made use of all those gradations (*Steigerungen*) which had been introduced by Mozart, of the wealth of instrumentation, &c., which the latter brought to light; so that we have to discriminate in him two epochs, one before and one after Mozart. Haydn remains always the same inwardly, in the main thing, but changes in externals. Mozart, like Goethe, experienced the greatest inward changes; but all this fluctuation between opposites is an organic development, determined by an inward necessity; a passing through one-sided tendencies in order to arrive at completed universal creations.

Beethoven also experienced great changes in his inward character, but he developed not so much by fluctuation between opposites; his progress, like Haydn's, is more a making for the goal in a direct course; only with the difference that Haydn goes out of himself, approaches the objective, while Beethoven, on the other hand, withdraws into himself; so that in him, as we have already said, we observe at first a decided leaning on his predecessors, afterward a more decidedly worked out peculiarity; and at last an increase of this, even to rudeness, exclusiveness and opposition. Those are entirely mistaken who think the strangeness of Beethoven's later compositions is to be accounted for by his deafness alone; that he could have written otherwise if this sense had remained to him. Even those much less gifted must be able to plan their creations inwardly, without such external helps, if they have made themselves thoroughly familiar with tone-life, let alone a genius such as Beethoven. Indirectly, however, this deafness had an extraordinary effect upon his creations, since this it was, which increased his innate inclination to separation and seclusion to what really became in a certain sense one-sidedness and morbidness, favoring thereby very greatly the keeping his peculiarity of character unaffected by external influences, but producing also that depression of spirits which resulted in the master's losing more and more his sound, joyful activity; so that we see him entangled more and more deeply in the negative, so that side by side with blessed joy the abysses of pain open before us. Haydn most of all took up into himself from without, and grew thereby. Beethoven did this least of all; his growth was effected by going deeper and deeper into himself. With Mozart, all history was foundation and background for his activity, but in such a way that he reproduced in himself all this legacy thoroughly independently.



**Mr. Howard Glover on "Lohengrin."—"The Musical Season in America" (meaning New York.)**

The following letter appears in the *London Musical Standard*.

NEW YORK, May 9th.

Although there are still one or two stray concerts to be heard, the American musical season of 1873-74 is now historical, and I proceed to give your readers a comprehensive sketch of its principal events and features. In point of interest the past season has been very remarkable. There has been no great artist like Rubinstein to astonish his hearers with stupendous playing, clever music, and prodigious memory; but we have had most excellent performances by the Philharmonic Society, Thomas's Orchestra, the Vocal Society, the Mendelssohn Union, and the Church Music Association; and more especially we have had the production, at last, of "Lohengrin" in a manner which could not be surpassed in London, Paris, or Berlin. All these musical events have rendered the past season most interesting to the musician and the public, and in the long run not unprofitable to the various classes of interpreters engaged. There have been two Italian operas, as I mentioned in my last, but Mr. Maretzek very soon succumbed to the fact that, excepting Lucca and Tamberlik, he had no attractions, and was encumbered with a wretched orchestra, a worse chorus, and useless second-rate singers. Towards the close of his performances Madame Ilma di Murska, with her wonderful execution and extraordinary high notes, did something to redeem the manager's misfortunes, but the end came at last, and the treasury being empty, the company went to Havana, where the same ill-luck met them, and after a few weeks of disaster which actually ended in the arrest of Lucca, di Murska, and Vizziani, at the suit of the orchestra and chorus, the whole body returned here. Lucca went to the German opera, and has now joined Strakosch's, to fill the place which Nilsson's departure for England has occasioned.

The beginning of Strakosch's season was by no means a brilliant success, but his day began to dawn with the production of "Aida." This last work of Verdi may, I think, be classed as his best, excepting "Rigoletto." There is some very good and some very bad music in it. The second act is worse than anything I know by the composer, but the third fully compensates for the previous trash, and is very beautiful. The instrumentation is a great advance on any of the composer's previous works, and shows not only a conscientious and wise study of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Wagner, but also a strong desire, successfully achieved, to think for himself, and to invent novel and pleasing combinations. After the "Aida" had run a very lengthy, well-deserved course (it was played at least a dozen times), the usual performances of stock operas commenced, and "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Lucia," "Huguenots," &c., &c., displayed the various talents of Campanini, Nilsson, Capoul, Torriani, Cary, &c., &c. During all this time preparations for the great event of the opera season were being made; for weeks the rehearsal of "Lohengrin" lasted from 10 till 4, and as all concerned had to sing four times in the week, the labor, especially for the chorus and orchestra, was terrific. However, the result justified all the pains, and Wagner's opera, which since its first production twenty-five years ago has provoked more discussion, I venture to say, than any other opera ever written, was at last presented to an American audience, composed of all the musicians in New York, in a manner which, I repeat, could not have been more superbly excellent in any city in the world. The opera has therefore had every chance. I am no great admirer of Nilsson, but in "Lohengrin" no singer could surpass her. She took the part of Elsa to perfection, and her acting is perfection. I do not hold Campanini to be the successor of Mario, as some consider him here, but as Lohengrin he is most admirable, and it would be difficult to name any one at present before the public who would interpret the part so well. As these two characters have the principal parts, it is not necessary to specify the others particularly; but mention should be made of Miss Cary, who had to sing some very ungrateful music, and sang it most admirably. When I assure you that the chorus, the orchestra, the scenery, dresses, and every appointment were of the very highest class, I think I shall have done full justice to the surpassing excellence of the thirteen performances of this work,

and be allowed to express my humble but sincere opinion of the music.

Since the first appearance of Beethoven's works, I suppose no composer has had more adherents and more downright opponents than Wagner. It is, however, one consolation to reflect that, as this most undoubtedly clever man has chosen to confine his musical career entirely to one branch of the art—the lyric drama, so the department left for the critic is happily reduced in size, and one is not called on for any comparison of Wagner and others in respect of symphonies, quartets, sonatas, overtures, or oratorios. Again Wagner has thought fit to promulgate certain views concerning his own artistic principles in a manner which savors largely of the "Ego et Rex Meus" style, with which Wolsey so mortally offended Henry VIII. This stupendous assuming of infallible musical judgment, this almost total ignoring of all previous operatic composers, the unparalleled insults which Wagner has deliberately and publicly placed on record against such musicians as Haydn, Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn, have doubtless caused (and not unjustly) the great enmity which many of the best artists entertain towards him; and not a few ask, "Who is this man that he should so ruthlessly destroy our household gods, and shamelessly abuse all that we know to be good and great in art?" I should be very sorry to offend my friend Mr. Dannreuther, but I cannot help venturing to answer the question in a few words, the truth of which I never fully felt until I studied most carefully and heard with great attention the opera "Lohengrin." *Wagner's music is the sublimity of impudence.*

No one will deny the consummate talent which has been necessary to bring about this result, and the intense study which must have been undergone by Wagner in conceiving such a work as "Lohengrin" alone, without reference to his other operas. But his musical principles are false, meretricious, barely theoretically correct. It is the music which requires tinsel for its gaudy trappings, outrageous instrumentation for its glittering effects. It is (in no wrong sense) sensual music of the worst description; it contains page upon page without melody, noise beyond mortal forbearance, modulations sufficient to scare even Sebastian Bach from his peaceful grave in Leipzig, the whole result being a conglomeration of singing, row, trumpets, trombones, drums, violins in the highest register, voices unable to make themselves heard; the total result of which is that the only relief to the ear, mind, and body is found when, with the devout aspirations of thankfulness from the audience, the curtain falls on a stupendous four hours of immense talent utterly misapplied, and for all artistic purposes totally wasted.

There are few deserts without oases. There are some such in "Lohengrin." Wagner's great failing is the utter want of tune; but instrumentation he certainly has at his finger's ends. The Vorspiel to "Lohengrin" is a remarkable instance of this. The subject, as music, is perfectly commonplace; but it is the skeleton clothed with gorgeous jewellery. The same may be said as a general rule throughout the opera. Take the tune of the Bridesmaids' Chorus. As a melody it is on a par, if not beneath, the very worst of Verdi's organ-grinding melodies. The Bridal Prelude at the end of the opera has no real tune in it, and the so-much-vaunted trombone passages in the bass are merely and simply treble phrases, which would sound much better in their proper places than wedded to the false relations with which Wagner has joined them. Wagner is a talent; most certainly no genius. Even as a dramatic work, "Lohengrin" is very far behind the "Huguenots" in this respect, although Wagner has thought fit to hold his friend and adviser, Meyerbeer, to whom he is indebted for his early works being heard, to ridicule. There are three situations in "Lohengrin" very similar to three in the "Huguenots," viz., the duel scene, the end of the first act, and the love duet. These may compare with the duel scene, the benediction of the pious, and the succeeding duet in the "Huguenots." But will any real musician refuse to consider Meyerbeer infinitely greater than Wagner in these three pieces? Wagner's duel music irresistibly reminded me of "the terrific combat of two" in Richardson's grand show at Greenwich fair, years ago, when I was a boy. The chorus at the conclusion of the first act is immeasurably inferior to Meyerbeer's greatest inspiration, and the duet between Raoul and Valentine is, as regards melody, construction, dramatic propriety, and even orchestration, as far superior to Wagner's rhapsody as sparkling iced champagne is to luke-warm water.

Thus is Wagner beaten with his own weapons, and proved in great dramatic situations quite incapable of rising to the height of the "Judenthum" he so loftily affects to despise.

I have not written these lines without the most serious study of "Lohengrin," and other of Wagner's works, and I am firmly convinced that I am right. Since I have been here I have had ample opportunities of hearing this music, and the more I hear the more I am convinced that such music cannot live. It is founded on the sand of false artistic principles, and must sooner or later fall to the place of forgetfulness it so richly deserves. But it is destined to be the "music of the future," I, and the many hundreds who are of my opinion, even in this city, have the satisfaction of knowing that we shall not be alive to hear it, and we can safely leave to posterity the pleasure of appreciating and admiring if it chooses a species of music which, born of arrogance, assumption, and grossly perverted talent, is, to our notion, false in every sound canon of art, and infinitely more worthy of condemnation than success. I feel strongly that the length of these remarks deserves some apology, but I have been, and am, an attentive reader of all that is written about "music and musicians" in England, and I cannot but regret that there are so many who believe in this false prophet, this Baal of art, and worship the golden image which this Nebuchadnezzar of music has set up. However, these men have a perfect right to do as they think fit, but so have those who pity their blindness, and wish for their conversion.

The Philharmonic Society of this city have had their usual number of concerts, and the general result of the performances has been very satisfactory. Two novelties are especially worthy of notice, viz., Raff's "Leonore" and Bristow's "Arcadian" Symphonies. I think I have heard that Raff's work has been played in London. It is clever beyond a doubt, but very unequal. The first two movements, especially the adagio, are lovely, particularly the latter, which even Beethoven [!] might have owned without disgrace; but the march which follows quite destroys the effect of its predecessor, and is noisy, long, stupid, and utterly ineffective; and the finale has the effect upon me of a long afternoon service on a hot summer's day in a London church—so somniferous, monotonous, and dreary was the music. There is, however, one thing to be said of the German writers who have risen since Mendelssohn and Spohr died. They have little or no invention or genius, but they have studied orchestral effects, and their instrumentation may (not profanely) be called the charity of music, for its ingenuity and excellence covers a multitude of sins, mostly of omission, in the matter of total absence of anything approaching to satisfactory melody.

Mr. Bristow is one of the few genuine American musicians who really deserve the title. His Symphony is exceedingly clever, showing traces of severe and well-directed study in the best schools. It is admirably conceived, developed, instrumented, and most effective, and afforded all present very great satisfaction. It is called "The Arcadian," and the name is the only objection I have to it. "Bristow, No. —," whatever the numeral may be in the composer's catalogue, would have been better, because music may generalize, but can hardly particularize; and to be told that certain portions of a work represent caravans of emigrants meeting Indians and exchanging compliments, sometimes of not a very flattering nature, is to require the same sort of "make believe very much" with which Dick Swiveller's Marchioness made punch out of orange peel and cold water. However, Mr. Bristow may well be proud of his work, and his countrymen may well point to him as a proof that they possess a man quite able to hold his own against many greatly inferior composers, who, mainly owing to their Teutonic origin, are lauded to the skies—especially in New York.

The Vocal Society, the Mendelssohn Union, and the English Glee Club have all brought to a close a very praiseworthy series of concerts. The first named body would, however, do well to eschew the performance of works intended to be placed before the public with orchestral accompaniments. Gade's "Erl King's Daughter" and Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," of which but portions were given, lose their effect when only accompanied by the piano, however well it may be played. A beautiful young lady, in a gorgeous ball costume, fit for the admiration of thousands, and the same lovely maiden in ordinary attire, are both very good in their way, but the one is for general adulation, and the other for private life.

The Church Music Association has well sustained its great reputation as the only choral society in New York of any real use. A most excellent and interesting Mass by Schumann was the principal point in the second concert on February 10th, and a superb performance of Mendelssohn's "Athalie," acknowledged by the orchestra (who are mostly Germans) to have surpassed any remembered even in Leipzig, closed the season on April 28th in a manner which will not be soon forgotten. The conductor, Mr. C. E. Horsley, has at last had an opportunity of appearing as a composer. On the 16th of April last his cantata, "Comus," and a selection from his miscellaneous works, gave the New York public an insight into the worth of a man whose greatest misfortune is being an Englishman, but who, in the opinion of all who know and have heard his music, is worthy of a place beside the best composers of this day. I have left myself no space for a detailed review of this best and most remarkable concert of the season, but I enclose you some of the many press notices, and I think you will agree in congratulating your countryman on the success he has achieved and the British pluck he displayed in employing a whole evening in producing his own works.

Thus I have arrived at the end of my task. To-night a feeble opposition to the Church Music Association, a so-called Oratorio Society, led by an excellent violinist, Dr. Damosch, performs "Samson," which has taken them over a year to study. But as the chorus numbers less than a hundred voices, great results are not expected. So farewell.

### A Truly Great City.—False Notions of "Improvement."

We are indebted to the *Transcript*, of June 15, for the following full report of a most timely and admirable discourse. We are pledged to sympathy with its ideas by every motive we have ever had for pleading the cause of Music.

The Church of the Disciples was well filled yesterday morning, the announcement being that Rev. James Freeman Clarke would tell his congregation "What shall make Boston a truly great city." The reverend gentleman selected for his text the 23d chapter of Matthew, 37th verse, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate"; and the 11th chapter of Proverbs, 11th verse, "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted, but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked." The following is an abstract of the sermon.

I propose to ask this morning how is Boston, this city of ours, which we all love so well, to be made a truly great city. Patriotism, or the love of country applies to cities as well. How the Jews loved Jerusalem! It was the city of the great King, the city of righteousness, the faithful city, the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth, the city of praise and of joy; glorious things were spoken of it. So, too, have the citizens of other cities loved their homes. So, too, the Athenians loved Athens for its beautiful situation and all its magnificence of art and intelligence; and so the Romans were proud of majestic Rome, the queen of the world.

Every city which has become historic has a character of its own. It is almost a person. When we think of it we feel about it as we do about a person. Babylon, Carthage, Tyre, Rome, Athens in ancient times, modern Rome, Venice, Paris in our own times, stand in our mind as separate, distinct individuals. That is why they have been loved and cherished; that is why poets have sung for them and men have fought for them. Some cities have souls and some are soulless and are soon forgotten. Cities that are built up artificially and do not grow naturally do not impress us as persons. Thus Constantinople, notwithstanding its wondrous beauty of situation and other advantages, was an artificial city; and in modern times St. Petersburg is another; and neither of those possess the kind of interest which belongs to a city which grows up naturally. How have the great souls of the earth loved their own cities! How Dante loved Florence, and how Jesus loved Jerusalem!

The true greatness of a city is when it embodies and represents some grand idea. A large territory does not make a great State. If all Norfolk County

and all Middlesex County were annexed to Boston, that would not increase the importance of Boston. It would be nominally larger than Philadelphia in area and population, but in reality it would be no more of a city than it is now. Do you suppose that more people visit Boston because Charlestown is annexed to it? Not one. People from the West, the South, the Middle States, come here because of the old historic names here; because of the moral influence of the place. They come to see Faneuil Hall, and Bunker Hill, the Old State House, the Old South Church, King's Chapel. They come to see the place where great men were born and lived and died. The annexation of Dorchester is not worth so much to Boston as it would have been if we had only kept the house of John Hancock standing. We had better lose fifty thousand people out of the centres of our population, by having them go elsewhere, than lose the Old South Church. The glory of Boston is to many people in its historic recollections. Every little child in Iowa or Nevada reads in its school book about the places and sees pictures of the buildings which some of our city officials would gladly remove to make a little more room for the horse cars. These visitors, who come to Boston from a distance, don't come to see your new and handsome stores. They can see better ones in Chicago. They don't come to Boston because of its population or business. New York exceeds it over and over again in these respects; but Boston has what neither Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, ever can have. It has a history; antiquities, memories. Let them go and you will lose some of the great distinctions of our city.

It has been my wish to have some of these recollections embalmed in the names of our new streets. Instead of taking high-sounding, but insignificant, names from among the English peerage, and calling our streets Arlington and Clarendon, we ought to have named them after the great men who have lived here; John Winthrop street, Sam Adams avenue, Cotton Mather avenue. Everything like that would have helped to preserve the individuality and the personal character of our city. That is also a reason why the old trees ought to have been preserved. They made a part of the character of the city. The secular elms, the growth of a century, were cut down easily in a day; but they never can be replaced when once cut down, and all the wealth of New York or Chicago together could not place them on their parks or avenues. They were our distinction. A hundred years ago your great grandfathers were walking and talking under them. Their shades fell on James Otis, Samuel Adams, Fisher Ames, Samuel Dexter. The birds were startled from their leaves by the guns of the 5th of March and the 17th of June; but they must give way, it is said, to the "march of improvement."

Is it an improvement to Boston to have a little more room for her street cars, and to lose that which distinguishes her from all the cities of the land? The men who talk about the "march of improvement," and who are ready to kill our grand old trees and cut up our Common to make way for streets and stores, think themselves practical, but they are not so, even in the lowest sense of the term. They not only destroy the sentiment and the imaginative beauties of our city, for which perhaps they care nothing, but they are enemies also of its material interests. I think this can be proved even to the practical man himself. I should say to him, "Do you believe in advertising? do you think money well spent in extensive advertisements?" "Certainly," he replies. "You admit that whatever calls attention to the city advertises it; whatever keeps the name of the place and the memory of the place must advertise it; whatever makes Western merchants come East to Boston, is an advertisement. Well, then, the picture of the Old South Church in school histories and school geographies, studied by the little children in Minnesota, and the little rude woodcuts of Boston Common and the elms in the children's reading books in Ohio and Michigan, are all advertisements of Boston. They advertise its streets, its stores, its merchandise. It is the best possible advertisement, and worth paying \$100,000 a year for; but lost whenever you cut down the old trees, whenever you pull down the Old State House and the Old South Church. The vandalism which sneers at sentiment will, sooner or later, take half a million dollars of annual income out of the pockets of the business men of this city, and yet they call that being practical and enterprising!

So much for trees and monuments; but there are other matters still more characteristic of Boston, and more important still. The idea of the city has always been the elevation of the whole people.

Here, in the beginning, free schools were established, supported by taxation. Every child in Massachusetts had such an interest and inalienable right to enjoy them, that he must not be dependent for it even on the love of his parents. It was the duty of the whole community to see that every little boy and every little girl was educated, and from this seed have come the public schools, giving unsectarian education to the whole community. This idea is odious to all sectarians. The Roman Catholics, who have come here since our institutions were founded, and who have been received with all hospitality and will be so received, nevertheless ought not to dream of touching our public-school system. This is the chief distinction of Boston. From Boston, from Massachusetts, these schools went all over the whole country. They have made the republic possible; they have made and still make possible that freedom for the sake of which thousands come here from Europe. Republican government rests on universal education, and no sectarian schools ever educated or ever can educate a people. The idea of Boston has always been that of raising the whole community. It is one of the few cities in which all of the native population are intelligent and refined. Its citizens, rich or poor, high or low, are a people of genuine culture.

Talk to any man or woman in Boston of American descent, and in nine cases out of ten you are talking to men and women of ideas and of principles.

Universal education implies and requires other advantages. The Boston Common, which is the public park and garden of the people; the public library, that most noble institution; public baths in summer, music on the Common for all the people, free churches; these are all logical deductions from the public schools. Educate the whole community, and then you fit them thereby to receive, and make them desirous of having, all other means of culture. Then public culture becomes larger, deeper, higher than that which is only private. The glory of the republic is that the whole community is pledged to progress, that the universal people are its guardians, and that the power of the whole community is its guarantee. Our public library in Boston is better than any private library ever can be; and one day we shall have public museums and gardens, public zoological and botanical gardens, better than any private corporation ever can procure. Our free churches ought to be better than any private churches; our free schools better than the very best private schools; that which is done by the whole people and for the whole people ought to be better than what any single section or class of the people can ever accomplish or obtain. That is the glory of Boston; we have always been steadily marching in that direction, always doing more and more to furnish the best culture to the whole community.

I oppose, because of this view, all attempts open or secret, to injure any of our public places; to take away the least mite from the present opportunities and advantages which belong to the whole people. Those who attempt to injure the Common make a direct attack upon popular education, upon universal culture. The crime of high treason has always been considered as one of the most culpable and heinous of all, because committed against the life of the nation itself. The life of our nation is in the intelligence and morality of the people. No republic can live where the people are ignorant or vicious. The worst crime, then, which can be committed in this country is any act which lowers the tone of public thought. I therefore consider that any man who is in favor of the removing of a public monument in Boston which is the education of the people, of cutting off a piece of Boston Common, of killing her trees, of injuring her public schools—I consider him to be guilty of a worse crime than some of those for which men are sent to the State prison. Of course I do not mean that he intentionally does anything wrong, but such is the tendency of his action.

One other distinction of Boston has been the freedom of its thought, its independent intellect. In State and Church, in social and moral questions, Boston has commonly taken the lead of the nation, because it has always inaugurated independent thought. Of course, this has often led on the one side to extravagance, and on the other side there is always a freeing opposed to mental freedom—afraid of it, and willing to persecute it a little. The Boston clergy persecuted Ann Hutchinson and Roger Williams, but Ann Hutchinson and Roger Williams truly represented the real spirit of Boston, Tories and men of standing, good men and wise men, opposed the Whig doctrines of 1776 and the



rect - ed. Fearing the Lord, heeding His voice, Shielded by Him and daily di-

*cresc.* *dim.*

rect - ed Far from the world, and gifted by heaven still

SOPR. II. SOLO.

Ev - er bless - ed child, rejoice, ev - er bless - ed, ev - er

*pp*

go.... Gracing thy ho - ly birth; Un - taint - ed by sin while en-

bless - ed child, By heaven - ly love pro - tect - ed; Fearing the

*cresc.*

du - ring its woe,..... Increase in wis - dom, and in

Lord, heed - ing His voice, Shielded by Him and dai - ly di-

*cresc.* *dim.*

crease in worth.

rect - - - ed.

O, what last - ing joy at - tend - eth Childhood when taught by heav'n,

O, what last - ing joy at - tend - eth Childhood when taught by heav'n,

*p* *cresc.* *cresc.*

*sf* SOPR. I. SOLO.

Childhood the Lord de - fend - - eth! Thus, in a se - clud - ed vale,.... On the

*sf* SOPR. II. SOLO.

Childhood the Lord de - fend - - eth!

*sf*

marge of a streamlet un - moved, Shel - ter'd from win - ter's gale, A li - ly ex -

pands, cherish'd by Na - ture and lov - ed.  
A li - ly expands, cherish'd by Na - ture and lov - ed.

*p*  
How blest are they,.....  
*p*  
How blest are  
CHORUS.

*crêc.*

Ev - er ble - sed child, re - joice, ev - er ble - sed, ev - er  
 Far from the world, and gift - ed, gifted by Heav'n still go, still go, Un-  
 O, how blest are they, blest are  
 they,.... O, how blest are they, O, how blest are  
 How blest are they, how blest are  
 blest are  
 bless - ed child, By heav'n - ly love protect - ed, Fearing the Lord, and heeding His  
 tainted by sin, untaint - ed by sin while en - dur - ing its woe,  
 they, Who fear the Lord in youth, and all..... His  
 and all.....  
 they, Who fear the Lord in youth, and all..... His  
 cresc.



Declaration of Independence; but Sam Adams, Winthrop, Otis and Quincy were the true representatives of Boston in that day. Men opposed Garrison and Sumner in 1840 and 1850, but the great heart and soul of Boston were with these men nevertheless. Boston, because of its independent thought, led the nation in 1776; and again in 1836; again in 1861; and to-day, when a new occasion comes to teach new duties, we shall find here, I think, some of the leaders and founders who shall organize new parties and prepare the way for a larger liberty and a broader manhood. From Boston, as a radiant centre, have gone forth, under all names, all forms of liberal Christianity.

Here, I think, is the true greatness of our city. This is what we should always endeavor to maintain and carry forward. We don't want extent of territory, nor amount of population, nor abundance of wealth, nor ascendancy in art mainly, but we want wealth used for good purposes, as it has so often been used in this community. We want liberty united with law; we need human efforts continued as they have been begun, to lift the fallen, to comfort the wretched; we need more institutions and better institutions, like those which have been already founded, for charity, for education, for correcting vice, for reforming criminals. It will be a sad day for Boston when the work is opposed as a mere rosewater philanthropy because of some supposed sentimentalism. The charities and institutions of Boston have not been sentimentalities, but have been instrumentalities, and we must go on and carry them further. Other cities, doubtless, are more orthodox than we are. The most orthodox people in Boston are only relatively orthodox, and Lyman Beecher in his way was as great a heretic as William Ellery Channing. Other cities excel us in population and art, but if we wish to keep the good name we have inherited, let us hold fast to our freedom of thought, our practical Christianity, our humane institutions, our traditions of public knowledge and public comfort and public improvement. These will sanctify our soil and bless it and make it sacred. These are the beautiful germs out of which our New Jerusalem shall grow.

### The Societe des Concerts.

(From "CHERUBINI: Memorials illustrative of his Life," by EDWARD BELLASIS. London, 1874.)

As early as the August of 1822, Cherubini reëstablished the Pensionnat of the Conservatoire, which had been abolished, together with the public competitions in vocal and orchestral works by the pupils, in which all who had gained the first prize since 1816 could be candidates. This course was but a step towards the subsequent foundation of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, established by a decree of the 15th of February 1828, and which originated as follows:

Habeneck invited his musical friends to dinner on St. Cecilia's day, telling them to bring their instruments with them. Among those who responded were Guillou, Tulou, Vogt, Brod, Dacosta, Buteux, Dauverné, Bulk, Dauprat, Blangy, Meifred, Menzal, Dossion, Henri, Barizel, Tilmant (ainé), Battu, Tolbecque, St. Laurent, Amedée, Seuriot, Claudel, Guérin, Urhan, Norblin, Vastin, and Chaffi. The *Eroica* symphony was tried, but not liked. After several essays, in 1827, at Dupont's manufactory, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and at Habeneck's house in the Rue des Filles St Thomas, disgust at the symphony was succeeded by admiration. Cherubini being informed of this, and of Habeneck's idea of having concerts, agreed that they should take place in the grand hall of the Conservatoire. Since 1815, the public exercises of the pupils had not been resumed. Through his desire of restoring these, Cherubini agreed to ask the king's minister, M. Sosthène de Larochefoucault, for the authorisation desired by Habeneck, who himself agreed to find the funds for the expenses.

The government, however, granted 2000 francs a year towards the expenses, and the decree founding the society was communicated by Cherubini to the professors and a number of the chief pupils. Amidst general approbation an engagement to abide by the decree was signed by those present on the 24th of March. A provisional committee of the new society, composed of Cherubini (president), Habeneck (vice-president), Guillou (secretary), Dauprat, Brod, F. Halévy, Kuhn (chef-du-chant), Meifred, Amedée, Albert Bonet, A. Dupont, and Tajan Rogé, convoked an assembly of all those who had signed the adhesion to the regulations of the

decree; and Guillou, in the name of the committee, made known the proposed rules of the committee, and an adhesion to these latter was also signed.

On Cherubini's and Méhul's recommendation, Habeneck was chosen conductor of the concerts, among the chief objects of which was the performance of Beethoven's works. Let us see how this object was fulfilled from 1828 to 1832. The first symphony was performed thirteen times; the second, twenty-six; the third (*Eroica*) twenty-eight; the fourth, twenty-four; the fifth (C minor), fifty-three; the sixth, (pastoral), fifty-one; the seventh, fifty-two; the eighth, fourteen; the ninth (choral), nineteen; total, two hundred and eighty performances. The overture to *Fidelio*, seven times; to *Leonora*, four; to *Coriolanus*, nine; to the *Ruins of Athens*, twice; to *Egmont*, six times; to *King Stephen*, once; to *Prometheus*, seven times; overture in C, twice; total, thirty-eight performances. Chamber-music: quartets, op. 18, three times; trio in E flat, op. 38, once; the quartets, op. 59, four times; fugue of ninth quartet, twice; septet, twenty-seven times; trio for two haut boys and cors anglais, four times; total, forty-one performances. Cherubini's action as director of the Société des Concerts exhibits his regard for Beethoven; yet Berlioz, when saying that the great musicians of Paris at this time were indifferent to Beethoven, dares to include Cherubini in that class. At the same time he speaks of the Florentine as one 'qui concentrait sa bile et n'osait la répandre sur un maître (Beethoven) dont les succès l'irritaient profondément, et sapaient l'édifice de ses théories les plus chères; \* but then, according to Berlioz, Berton was one who pitied German music; Boieldieu, one who was ignorantly surprised at the least harmonic combinations; Paër, one who told unfavorable anecdotes of Beethoven; Catel, one who cared more about his rose-trees than music; Kreutzer, one who disdained all that came from the other side of the Rhine; Lesueur, one who was deaf, and not attending the Conservatoire concerts. All these, according to Berlioz, were enemies to Beethoven. But it is intolerable to find him making this charge against the man who, in the teeth of opposition, had Beethoven's symphonies performed. For what, according to Elwart, are the facts? 'When Cherubini was informed of Habeneck's plan, he agreed to the request that the latter should obtain the authority of the minister with a degree of warmth that does honor to his memory.' Again: 'The minister, M. de Larochefoucault, assented to Cherubini's proposals.' The very decree begins: 'At the request of the Directors of the Ecole Royal de Musique we have resolved,' &c.; and art. 9 charges Cherubini with the execution of the decree. The statutes of the Société des Concerts begin thus: 'With the agreement of the Director of the Ecole de Musique.' Lastly, Cherubini was chairman of the administrative and executive committee. 'Cherubini knew very well,' remarks the *Niederrheinische-Musik-Zeitung*, 'that Habeneck's object was the performance of the works of Beethoven. Had he entertained so mean an opinion of the latter as he is reported to have held, he certainly would not have promoted and arranged the whole affair with the zeal he did.'

A number of concerts took place every year, for which, as we have said, the government eventually gave an annual grant of two thousand francs. No solos were allowed, and at Cherubini's order the movable platform, rising step by step, just as it now stands, was built. At the first concert, March 9th, 1828, the *Eroica* symphony was performed, and found great favor among the pupils. The ordinary concerts took place on Sundays at two o'clock; others that might now and then take place on weekdays were called 'concerts spirituels.' At the first concert for 1829 (Feb. 15), Cherubini's *Chant sur la Mort de Haydn* was sung by Ponchard, Nourrit, and Maillard; at the fourth concert in 1830 (4th April), the celebrated introductory chorus from *Elisa*—the solos being sung by Prévot and Huteaux; and on Feb. 1, 1833, Clapisson's *Voici la Nuit*—recommended to Habeneck for performance by Cherubini himself. At the extra concert at the Conservatoire on the 30th May 1830, a rather unfortunate circum-

\* Berlioz's *Mémoires*, p. 74. Professor Ella, in his interesting *Musical Union* papers, relates an anecdote which may be set off against Berlioz's statement here. Cherubini, becoming impatient with a pupil who, while describing to him the performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies, said nothing on the merits of the composition, spoke thus: "Young man, let your sympathies be first wedded to the creative, and be you less fastidious of the executive; accept the interpretation, and think more of the creation of those musical works which are written for all time, and all nations—models for imitation, and above all criticism."

stance occurred. Cherubini, before beginning, always waited for royalty; the only royal princess who loved and patronized music came ten minutes late, and some hissing, forerunner of the storm in July, began, which was not sufficiently drowned by the voices, then just beginning to sing, to prevent her hearing the salute from the pit that did not respect a mark of deference on Cherubini's part. Besides the great concerts there were also the smaller ones called the 'Concerts d'Emulation,' given by the pupils themselves, at which Cherubini did not allow the young ladies of the Conservatoire to take any part either in the solos or choruses, they being solely allowed to perform in public on the harp or the piano, while the orchestra only played the compositions of the pupils. In spite of all the representations of the most eminent professors, Cherubini adhered strictly to these rules. The chief box was reserved for Cherubini, D'Henneville, Delavigne, and Lambert, and emulation was especially excited among the pupils at these smaller concerts by the presence of their director. These, of which Elwart was conductor, Cherubini no less warmly encouraged than the great concerts. †

† Elwart's *Histoire de la Société des Concerts*.

## Music Abroad.

VIENNA. The repertoire of the Imperial Opera during the month of May was as follows: *Der Freyschütz*, *L'Etoile du Nord* twice, *Aida* twice, *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Prophète* twice, Schumann's *Genoveva* twice, *Don Juan*, *Tannhäuser*, *L'Africaine*, Verdi's *Bal Masqué*, *Guillaume Tell*,—besides five ballets. In five months this theatre has mounted 52 different operas.—At the Opera Comique, during the first half of May, were given: Lortzing's "Czar and the Carpenter," Fletow's *Martha* and *Stradella*; *Le Roi Pa dit* (new French piece by Leo Delibes); *Il Barbiere*; "Marriage of Figaro"; Kreutzer's "A Night in Grenada"; and *La Part du Diable*.

BERLIN. The works performed at the Imperial Opera House in April were: *Fra Diavolo*, *Hugue*, *nots*, *Tannhäuser*, *Rigoletto*, *Merry Wives*, *Trovatore*, *Prophète*, *Faust*, *Tell*, Mozart's *Seraglio*, *Aida*, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, *Hamlet*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Meistersinger*.—Two new operas have been accepted for the coming season: one, by Rubinstein, on a biblical subject, "The Maccabees"; the other a comic opera, of which the text is borrowed from Shakspeare's "As you like it," by W. Taubert.

Robert Schumann's *Faust* was lately executed, for the first time here in its entirety, by the members of Stern's Vocal Union, under the direction of Professor Stockhausen. The principal solo singers were Mmes. Lili Lehmann, Schultzen-Asten Assmann, Boss, Herren Betz, Diener, and Beltzacher; the orchestra was that of the Royal Operahouse. The performance was very successful, the Third Part, more particularly, making a deep impression on the audience.

LEIPZIG. There is a question of transforming the Conservatory, hitherto a private, into a national institution springing directly from the Saxon government.

—The *Riedel'sche Verein*, one of the first musical societies in Germany, celebrated its twentieth anniversary, on the 17th of May, by a performance of the great B-minor Mass of Bach.

COLOGNE. The Rhine Musical Festival took place at Cologne on the 24th, 25th, and 26th ult. The performances were held in the Gürzenich Hall, which holds 2,000 persons. The orchestra, arranged in a triangle, occupied the centre of the platform in front, with the chorus at the sides. Capellmeister Hiller was greeted with hurrahs and great applause on his entry to take the wand. Many leaders of the German and foreign musical artistic world were present; notably Brahms, Joachim, Rheinthal, Grimm, Dietrich, Müller, Boyer, W. Bargiel, Verhulst, Gevaert, Samuel, Radoux, Peter Benoit, Kufferath, Huberti, Mlle. Staps; in the orchestra were Jean Becker, Königsłow, Jaffa, Kefer, Deswert, Grützmacher, Barth, Léonard, Merck, and

Bernier. Among the soloists were first Mme. Joachim, received with enthusiasm, then Mme. Peschka-Leutner, of the Leipzig Theatre, Henschel of Berlin, Schelper, baritone of the Cologne Theatre, and Diener, of the Berlin Opera. The artists were placed to the left of the conductor. The programme for the first evening consisted of Handel's "Samson," and Brahms' "Triumphlied." A report in *Le Guide Musical* says:—

The execution was superb. The choir, at the commencement a little wavering, soon found themselves in possession of all their faculties. We in Belgium are still far from the perfection of the Rhine choirs. What vigor! what nerve! what instinct, and above all what certainty, what ease! The soloists were also excellent; Mme. Joachim, as a matter of course, was a Micah of ideal beauty, of a perfection which it is scarcely possible to attain. The baritone Henschel, in the part, unhappily too short, of Harapha, distinguished himself in quite a special manner; his interpretation is marvellous. He is a future Stockhausen. The bass Schelper (Manoah), and the tenor Diener (Samson), all acquitted themselves notably. The orchestra in fine was marvellous in precision and ensemble; there is in fact only one opinion with regard to this performance of "Samson," that it was one of the finest that has taken place for many years. After "Samson," Hiller gave up the baton of director, which he had so efficiently wielded, to Johannes Brahms, who directed his own "Triumphlied." Brahms was received with enthusiastic applause; and the "Triumphlied," although of unheard-of difficulty, was admirably executed by the choir and orchestra, the bass Schelper acquitting himself finely in the only solo that the work contains.

We may add the following from the *Kölnische Zeitung* of May 26:

A lady's delicate hand from the chorus presented Herr Brahms, in the name of the lady's colleagues, with a laurel wreath, proportionately as imposing as the *Triumphlied* itself. On Saturday evening, after the general rehearsal, and yesterday, after the concert, large numbers of those present at the Festival met in the rooms of the Casino and the Wolkenburg for refreshment and friendly intercourse. At the reception held yesterday morning by the Director of the Festival, and attended by a great many artists, of this town and other places, M. Gevaert, Director of the Brussels Conservatory, presented Ferdinand Hiller, in the name of the King of the Belgians, with the Officer's Cross of the Leopold-Order, accompanying the gift by a touching and cordial address, in good German, in which he dwelt on the merit of him who was thus distinguished. The numerous Belgian artists present loudly expressed their concurrence in the address. All the other persons present, too, were agreeably touched by the happy moment selected for this mark of distinction, as honoring simultaneously the Director and the Composer.

The days follow and resemble each other. The second day's performance of the Festival was, like the first, most enjoyable. First came instrumental music with a "Sunday Child," Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which brought out the dazzling qualities of the orchestra, assembled, unfortunately, only for this occasion. The Symphony was performed to perfection, and penetrated to all hearts. Then followed Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Die Zerstörung von Jerusalem*, and achieved a great triumph. The very first chorus: "Wie heilig und hehr!" took the audience by storm. After that, the applause was equally divided between the choruses and the solos through the entire work. The duet, "O, war mein Haupt," sung with true mastery by Mad. Joachim and Herr Diener, had to be repeated, in obedience to a tumultuous demand. At the conclusion, there was a long and enthusiastic storm of applause, while the charming phalanx of the ladies' chorus, turning towards the master, crowned his head with laurel, and overwhelmed him with a rain of flowers."

MILAN. Verdi's *Requiem* in memory of Manzoni is the topic of the day. It has been performed with immense effect in the Church of St. Mark, and was to be repeated, this week, three times at the Scala. The Church was crammed to suffocation, the Mayor being overwhelmed by applications for tickets of admission. Had the demand of everyone thus applying been gratified, the worthy functionary might have filled all the churches in Milan instead of St. Mark's only. All the numbers went splendidly, but the greatest effect was produced by the "Dies Irae." The principal singers were Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Capponi and Maini, seconded by Signore Bionio, Bignami, and Chiappa. Eighteen fair pupils of the Conservatory sang in the chorus. All gave

their services gratuitously. The male chorus counted among its members many artists of high reputation, as did, also, the orchestra.—Glinka's *Life for the Czar* has been successfully produced at the Teatro dal Verme. Mad. Menschikoff, of St. Petersburg, who was expressly engaged for the occasion, impressed the audience very much. She was admirably supported by other principal artists, Signora Barilina-Dini, Signori Merly and Bartolini, as well as by the orchestra and chorus. No one could surpass Sig. Facio as conductor.—Another success has been the revival, at the Teatro Manzoni, of Raimondi's opera, *Il Ventaglio*. One great obstacle in the way of a performance of *Il Ventaglio* is the fact that the work required no less than three buffos, four *prime donne*, and two tenors. However, the obstacle did not frighten the management, and the result has been very gratifying. The three buffos, Signori Valentino Fioravanti, Ricci, and Del Grande, were all good; so were the tenors, Signori Zulliani and Carnelli. It is true that one of the *prime donne* was not up to the mark, but the other three, Signore Trebbi, Perocco, and Dordelli, were, so the public had not much cause for complaint. *Il Ventaglio* was written some forty-three years ago, and has long slumbered unheeded and forgotten. It has, however, now made such a hit that the next thing it will probably make is the round of Italy.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 27, 1874.

### Richard Wagner and his Theory of Music.

One of the ablest and most interesting of the many articles upon the "Wagner question" appeared in the June number of the *Galaxy*, from the pen of the distinguished Shakespeare scholar, Mr. Richard Grant White. There is a Wagner party here now and in England, as well as in Germany. It is especially intolerant, aggressive, almost fanatical just now in New York, the new home of so much of the young Germany with all its restlessness, its discontent with the existing order, whether in Society or Art, and where the recent brilliant performances of *Lohengrin* have stirred up an enthusiasm, which bids fair to become a pronounced Wagner fever, and must have its run, both there and elsewhere, for heaven knows how long, like all the fashions and the fevers which by turns possess and tyrannize the souls and tastes of fickle, novelty-seeking men and women. But to publics, as to individuals, there come ever and anon lucid intervals, when they once more behold with deep and peaceful joy the eternal verities which no fashion or excitement can obscure but for a day; the fireworks are played out, and lo! the quiet stars forever in their places. But while the Wagner fever lasts, it is quite natural that whoever makes a cool appeal to reason, or lifts an earnest voice in behalf of dear old musical convictions and experiences, to all of which this egotistical reformer gives the lie with so much persistency and energy of will and talent, and with unparalleled audacity, should provoke the wrath of the more combative ones who march beneath the Wagner banner. It is not strange that Mr. White has been taunted with "intrusion" into the controversy, and accused of "ignorance" on the subject of music. Some of his critics would fain have it appear, that, in arguing the question at all, he is professing to know that of which he is ignorant, to-wit music: an imputation just as hurtful to an honorable writer as a charge of lying. Now we have known enough of Mr. Richard Grant White in connection with music and musical criticism in times past, to be able to assure these angry assailants that he does know something about music, and indeed rather more than goes to the making up of what is commonly called a first-class musical critic in these times. If he is not a professional musician, he is entitled to an opinion. If his literary labors for a dozen years past have been in another field, yet he was once known and respected as the best informed and ablest of the writers about music in the New York press, nor was he without practice in the art. Indeed there is evidence that he is not ignorant of music in this very article in the *Galaxy*, which is candid, generous, full of sound sense from which there is

no escaping, and which gives Wagner credit for what truth he finds in him, while it lays bare the fallacy of some of his ideas.

Mr. White begins his article with this sentence:

"Fourteen years ago the world began to hear something about the 'music of the future'—began rather to be told something about it; for there are ears that hear not, and in all matters the speaker is one and the hearer is another." It was a good while before that. In the first year of this very Journal (1852) we began to tell our readers all that we could learn from careful study of Wagner's controversial and theoretic writings, and from such biographical notices of him as we could find, about the singular position this man had begun to occupy toward all the received ideas of music, and the startling claims which he put forth. We translated largely from his writings; we did our best to form a fair and candid estimate of what he aimed at, what he thought and what he was, pointing admiringly to the force and brilliancy of his satire upon the absurdities and idols of the existing Opera; admitting the soundness of some of his ideas, but more particularly of his special criticisms, but modestly submitting the question whether, in all that there was sound and really essential in his thought, and in a far more wholesome way in practice, he had not been anticipated more than a century before by Gluck. From that time onward, during several years, these columns were pretty largely occupied, among other topics then of more immediate interest, with the Wagner question. Doubtless we were telling it to "ears that hear not"; we were before the time; and had grown somewhat weary of the matter by the time when Wagnerism came up as a tendency, and put on its party armor, here in the musical life of our new world. Nevertheless we have continued to read the books and pamphlets which Wagner is continually writing, and the pros and cons they have provoked: we have read his own peculiar poems, or librettos for his later operas; have listened carefully when we have had a chance to hear any fragments or arrangements of his music, besides hearing *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* and *Der fliegende Holländer* in Berlin and Vienna. We have tried faithfully and fairly to get at some comprehensive, clear and just conception of the new phenomenon, and find out whether it be comet or fixed star,—or only wilful and pretentious pyrotechnics. We have arrived at some convictions on the subject, which, though we cannot speak as a musician, do spring from a sincere, earnest, life-long love and loyalty to music, and which so far are shaken by no argument which we have yet seen advanced by the "disciples of the newness," nor by any sorcery flung over our dull senses by the actual music of their master with the whole *Venusberg* of his bewildering, intoxicating orchestra. These we propose in a series of brief articles, during the summer leisure, to discuss.

We shall begin with the inquiry how much presumption can there be in favor either of the theory or practice of the musician, who at the outset denies the validity of Music in itself, "pure" Music, claiming that as an Art it is entirely futile, until coupled with, or impregnated by another Art, to wit the Word, or Poetry. As if one were to say Sculpture is no true art unless allied with Painting (painted sculpture, *à la* Gibson); or Painting is naught unless it blend with Sculpture, unless its figures stand out from the canvas (stereoscopic painting)! And as if every Art did not produce its best just where it is most free and independent of all other Arts, at all events entirely paramount, unhampered by the union.

Then we shall pass to the inquiry whether Wagner, admitting all the justice of his special criticism, is after all just to the essential and distinctive



character and nature of the Opera, as hitherto accepted in its best and purest models; whether he does not fail to perceive, or wilfully ignore that which constitutes the very life and *raison d'être* of Opera; whether Opera, like every other important and enduring form of music, instead of being a mere arbitrary product, was not a necessary outgrowth from the very nature both of music and the human soul, distinct from other forms and other arts, which each have their advantages, denied to it, while it can claim advantages denied to them.

Then as to the subject matter of the Wagner Opera, his plots, we shall have to consider, whether the shadowy vastness, grandeur of his mythical dramatic personæ can ever interest us like the "humanities" of operas upon historical and human subjects; whether the heroes of the classical Greek drama, for instance, such as Gluck employed, do not come nearer to our sympathies than any Odins, Thors, Walkyrie Maidens, &c., of his *Nibelungen* trilogy.

Then will come up the corollaries of his first principles; his warfare upon set Arias, and his idea of "infinite melody" in place thereof; his abolition of the family relationship in musical keys, &c., &c.; and finally the necessity under which he has found himself of placing the centre of gravity of his whole fabric (after all) in his reinforced, sensationally brilliant, ceaselessly engrossing orchestra, in spite of all that he has said of the futility of instrumental music; for what is all that he has put into the mouths of all his singers, in comparison with what he so much more emphatically brings out through the tense catgut and the brazen lungs of the great modern orchestra below?

But before proceeding to these questions we wish, for the better understanding of the stand-point from which we approach the discussion, to reproduce here a few paragraphs from some speculations concerning the essential meaning and the *raison d'être* of Opera, which shaped themselves in our mind full thirty years ago. If these ideas are sound, if they be not mere idle fancies of the brain, then Wagner's theory of Opera cannot be sound. Of course much of what follows will be truism to many of our readers.

Man was born to imitation. The trick of fancying ourselves others whom we read or dream of and of acting their deeds, their lives over in our own persons with an artistic comprehensive brevity, is the least artificial part of us. It is wearing the mask professedly and playfully, and with a lively alternating catholicity, instead of keeping on always the calculating, sober mask of habit which too often constitutes the *propria persona*. It is a happy, genial, frank faculty. Children have it to perfection, and they grow worldlings when they lose it. It is one of the soul's arts of self-recovery, like humor. It is a way of testing and securing our moral freedom, of getting outside of the limitations of our own characters, of realizing things from the stand-points of many characters, of cultivating the universal, the cosmopolitan side of our nature, of most vividly rehearsing the maxim: "There is nothing foreign to us which is human," and of confessing, as we ought, our portion of the responsibility of every human action under every set of circumstances. Could we expect literature and art, then, to be less dramatic than human life itself is; or the creative artist, the poet and composer, to cease to dramatize in humble imitation of the all-wise and loving artist and Creator? Is not the best and most effective part of story-telling dramatic? And do we not find the same true of the childlike style of histories which last the longest,—witness the Bible and Herodotus? Music, which underlies speech, as character and feeling underlies opinion,—Music, which is the universal dialect, through which souls converse from those inmost intentions which are apt to harmonize;—Music lends itself most readily to this dramatic need; the play of passions and of feelings, in which souls vibrate to or across each other, sometimes chiming, sometimes jarring, becomes in her more fluid medium transparent and suggestive, in their worst chaos and *imbroglio*, of the harmonic resolution to which all things tend.

The Musical Drama, (including originally the Oratorio as well as the Opera), grew, like the spoken drama, out of the old *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, which formed so large a part of the religious festivals, and in which the church dramatized the characters and events of Sacred History, or the allegorical personifications of moral and metaphysical entities (if not sometimes *nonentities*), by way of making its dull lessons palatable to the wandering minds of weary listeners. Classic and mythological subjects folk wed

sacred, or were mixed grotesquely up with them. Music must have borne a part in them quite early, at least to the extent of here and there a chorus in the course of the performance. But it was only when composers, outgrowing the church ordinances, grew liberal towards *secular* spontaneous melodies, and dared to wander from the beaten path of the *plain chant*, which was the subject-matter of the old music; it was only when there began to be a mania for reproducing the traditional effect of the Greek drama in the *recitative*, that the Opera developed into that unique and pronounced form which it has since held among the departments of musical Art.

These hints afford the key to its entire significance. The Opera was the first leap of the genius of Music, from its cradle in the church, where it had been held down till well nigh bedridden and paralyzed forever, out into the secular air. It was the idealizing of the hopes and fears, the loves and joys and sorrows, the social sympathies and excitements, the whole tragedy and comedy of private life. Music sought its own in this natural, spontaneous religion of the human heart. It became a voice to the good tendency which there is at the bottom of all our love of excitement and pleasure. It took up the despised senses and saved them from wandering away out of all hearing of the soul. It refined sensibility into a love of beauty, and developed in passion the divine restlessness, the prophetic aspiration of the soul, which is at the bottom of it; and thus effected in a measure a reconciliation between the higher and the lower tendencies in man, between the sacred and the secular.

The Opera makes a purely ideal thing out of a personal history. It does away all the reserve and disguise, all the common-place there is in human intercourse; and satisfies our craving for expression, by showing us men and women moving together in so strong a light that they become transparent. Passions, feelings, desires live and move and interact before us without any screen of dullness or imperfect utterance. The rude materials are all fused together in music, which is a perfect medium of communication. The dramatic personæ of an opera, therefore, are so many personified passions or emotions, wearing glorified bodies, in place of the awkward, stiff and homely embodiment of spoken words, the cast-off mantle of the flesh. They are the inward history, the present inner lives of so many men and women, passing before us, instead of their outward forms, which would be so cramped and conventional, fixtures of habit, and therefore impervious to the light. What romance, what tragedy there would be in many a little scene of daily life, could we but remove this veil of custom and appearance! This music does. It lifts the veil, it banishes the obstructions, it abridges the time, concentrates the interest, drops out the extraneous and accidental, compresses the life of days and years into as many moments, giving life the speed it would have in a less resisting element, and shows us spirits as it were embodied here in time and space, and yet exempt from all their limitations. It does away the friction and shows the effect in the cause. In an opera, therefore, there are comparatively few words, and a very slight skeleton of a story. When we see the spirits, what they are, we do not want to know what they will do. They sing themselves to us; the story is no more than the stage on which they move, the canvas on which they project their essential "form and pressure." Could we know the feelings, the vital springs and tendencies of men, we should learn at once what their words and actions could only gradually and by a round-about way reveal to us. Music is the spontaneous language of feeling. Her tones are but the audible vibration of other souls transmitted through the nervous medium of our sensibilities. We seldom act or speak naturally. But when we do, the mere tones, without words, indicate enough. Or rather, words indicate, but tones convey; transmit; words are signals, tones are arrivals of the real presence. We know persons by their voices more infallibly than by almost any sign. The opera composer, therefore, must be he who knows most of this natural language of the feelings; and of course he must be a person of sensibility.

But the Opera meets another want. It supplies the craving of the senses for excitement, quenching the thirst of pleasure with a wholesome draught. It feeds the appetite with a nectar that is good also for the soul. Our tendency to excess, to reckless, glorious enthusiasm, which is dangerous to deny, dangerous to indulge unworthily, overflows with graceful self-recovery in the world of art and beauty. Transport is a part of our divine birth-right; no soundness, no freshness, no nobleness of soul can long survive its seasons of recurrence.

This is the virtue of such music as Mozart's,—that it transports one into a voluptuousness, that does not smack of earth or ought impure. He in music, as Raphael in colors, has taught us the spiritual ministry of the senses. Through music Palestrina rises above the life of the senses. Through music Mozart bears a charmed life in the sphere of the senses. The consecration of the senses, the idealizing of common life, the vindication of nature, the harmony of sense with soul, appears to be the meaning of the Opera.

### Musical Culture in Detroit.

It probably is not known to many of the readers of the "Journal of Music" what is doing in this Western City to advance the knowledge of musical art.

A glance at the following programme, recently given to exhibit the proficiency of the pupils of Prof. Sill's Seminary will show that our Eastern schools will have to look well to their laurels if they would not have the wreath transferred to the Wolverine State.

#### PART I.

Andante—from First Symphony, ..... Beethoven.  
Two Pianos—Eight Hands.

Misses Helen Strasburg, Mary Prentiss, Hattie Pope, Jennie Baxter.  
Italian Concerto, ..... Bach.  
Allegro Animato—Andante Molto Espressivo—Presto Gioioso, ..... Miss Emma Lyon.

String Quartet, Op. 76, ..... Haydn.  
Poco Adagio Cantabile—Menuetto—Finale.

Messrs. Luderer, Chandler, E. and R. Spill.  
Sonata—in F Major, No. 6 Edition Peters, ..... Mozart.  
(I and III Movements.)  
Miss Kittie Horton.

#### PART II.

Concerto—in C Major, ..... Beethoven.  
(I Movement, with Cadenza No. 3, by L. Van Beethoven.)

Quintet and 2d Piano Accompaniment.  
Miss Jennie Baxter.

Polonaise—Op. 22, ..... Chopin.  
Miss Ella Cleveland.

Quintet—Op. 44, ..... Schumann.  
Piano, two Violins, Viola and Violoncello.

Messrs. Hahn, Luderer, Chandler, E. and R. Spill.  
Wedding March, ..... Mendelssohn.  
Two Pianos—Eight Hands.

Misses Ella Cleveland, Mary Ward, Ida Whitney, Belle Stearnes.

VASSAR COLLEGE. This institution has long been distinguished for the high place which it assigns to Music in its scheme of education. Under the direction of its accomplished Musical Professor, F. L. Ritter, the standard of musical taste and culture among its pupils is continually rising. Appending to the programme of their last concert is the following remarkable list of compositions which have been performed at the matinées and concerts during the season of 1873-74.

#### PIANO.

BEETHOVEN. Sonata, E flat, op. 31.—CHOPIN. Rondo, op. 73, for two piano-fortes. Ballade, G minor, op. 23. Nocturne B major. Divers Mazourkas. Improptu, op. 66. Polonaise, op. 22. Ballade, A flat, op. 47.—CLEMENTI. Sonata, E flat major.—HAYDN. Sonata, D major.—MENDELSSOHN. Concerto, G minor. Capriccio brillante, op. 22. Rondo brillante, op. 23. Divers Lieder ohne Worte. Variations Serenades, op. 64.—MOZART. Sonata, D major.—SCHUBERT. Sonata, G major, op. 78.—SCHUMANN. Andante and Var. for two piano-fortes, op. 46. Fauchingschwank, op. 26. Fantasiestücke, op. 12. Kinderscenen, op. 15. Arabesque, op. 18. Blumenstück, op. 19. Romanze, op. 23. Schlummerlied.—WEBER. Sonata, C major, op. 24.

#### ORGAN.

MENDELSSOHN. Sonata, B flat. Sonata, F minor.—BACH. Toccata and Fugue, D minor. Prelude and Fugue, E min.

#### CONCERTED MUSIC.

SCHUMANN. Quintet, op. 44. 1st, 2nd Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Piano.—MENDELSSOHN. Quartet, op. 3. Violin, Viola Violoncello and Piano. Sonata, op. 4. Piano and Violin. Variations for Violoncello and Piano.—BEETHOVEN. Trio, op. 1. E flat. Violin, Violoncello and Piano.—HELLER AND ERNST. Lied und Abschied. "Pensées fugitives." Piano and Violin.—GOLTERMANN. Andante espressivo, from the Concerto, for Violoncello.—HUMMEL. Trio, in E major, op. 83. Violin, Violoncello and Piano.—HAYDN. String quartet, D minor, op. 76.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

PERGOLESI. Stabat Mater (for female voices).—SCHUBERT. The Lord is my Shepherd. Psalm 23. Chorus. My Sweet Repose. Angel of Beauty. Romance from Rosamund. The Secret. Ave Maria. To be sung on the waters.—MENDELSSOHN. Ye Sons of Israel. Chorus. The Beaming Star. "Jerusalem," from "St. Paul." Autumn. The First Violet.—SCHUMANN. Vision. The Joy of Home. Thy Lovely Face. A Flower that thou resemblest. The Lotus Flower. The Rosebud. Duet.—MOZART. "Dove Sono," from "Figaro." "Al desio di chi," from "Figaro." "Non paventar" from "The Magic Flute."—RITTER. Fairy Love.—CHOPIN. The Little Ring.

#### LECTURES GIVEN BY PROF. RITTER.

Sketch of Robert Schumann's life, with a review of his compositions.—Sketch of Mendelssohn's life, etc.—Sketch of Schubert's life, etc.—Sketch of Chopin's life, etc.—Sketch of Pergolesi's life, etc.—The Sonata: its historical development, formal construction, and æsthetic meaning.



## Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, JUNE 3. Within the past week I have received an anonymous letter from Worcester Mass., which reminds me uncommonly of a communication once received by the prophet Balaam from an unexpected source. The writer leaves me in considerable doubt as to what he is driving at; he scatters so badly that after considerable study I find it impossible to determine whether he is mad because M. Batiste's music is more dignified than I said it was (in one of my former letters in this Journal), or because I play very poorly (as he says), or cannot improvise and will not go to school enough to write a better collection than Batiste's, or because I intimated that people sometimes went to church for other purposes than to worship God. By a singular chance I happen to know the real name of the writer; but this after all is of little consequence as I never heard of him before. I would respectfully suggest to him, and any others that may have similar "inward pains" (as good Dr. Watts suggestively remarks), that the musical journals are open to defenders of M. Edward Batiste or any other abused composer. And as I happen to draw salary in Chicago, a Worcester opinion on my playing worries me very little, and will have no influence on my opinion of Batiste, although it might on the anonymous writer. Still as he is apparently a young person it might be well to add that the opinion I expressed of Batiste's music is that held by all intelligent and well-schooled organists, such as for instance, John K. Paine, Dudley Buck, Eugene Thayer, S. P. Warren, H. C. Eddy, and all the English organists.

Passing now to pleasanter themes I would again refer to Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's recitals of the Beethoven Sonatas, which are well attended and are giving an impulse to the study of those beautiful works. The last recital included the Sonatas op. 27, in C sharp minor, and op. 101, and the playing pleased me even more completely than formerly. I notice in these recitals the same peculiarity that I have formerly in those of Wm. Masoa and of Rubinstein, namely, that the earlier and easier Sonatas are played the least well. With Rubinstein and Mason I always noticed that the Schumann pieces were played the best; that is with more refinement of touch and complete absorption in the work. In Wolfsohn's recitals I notice similarly that these later Sonatas, which gave Schumann his creative impulse, and which are distinguished from Beethoven's earlier music by the Schumann peculiarities of style and thought, only in a less exaggerated form, not only absorb the player more completely, but impress themselves more completely upon the audience and give the most evident delight.

One may account for this by calling them more modern in form; and so they are. Yet it is a fair question whether the Sonata form is still valid for our time, and whether critics do well to continually assume that new works in other forms are by that very reason in a lower plane of art. I merely suggest this query as my inference from the way in which the later Beethoven and the Schumann pieces absorb player and audience in unqualified delight. If some of the Boston fathers in the musical Israel would kindly express themselves upon this point they might do a favor to us country people, who but seldom refresh our souls with a view of "the monument."

I have twice before referred to Mr. Eddy our new organist. I have lately had the pleasure of hearing him play, and take pleasure in saying that I find him superior (technically) to a y organist

here. He played Thiele's *Concertsatz* in C minor; a Prelude and Fugue of his own (worked out extensively, as much so as Bach's great preludes and fugues); Bach's B minor Prelude and Fugue; and Merkel's second Organ Sonata, which Haupt holds to be the best modern piece of organ music. This programme, as will easily be seen, is of the first rank, and it was played admirably. Mr. Eddy plays pretty much everything of Bach's, all the Thiele pieces, and stacks of other things. As he is yet a young man of only twenty-two, there is every reason to expect that he will prove himself an honorable accession to the musical profession in America. Already one of our leading organists here has been giving him "good advice," to the effect that he had better discontinue "classic" music and play only "light," for the sake of the public. As we have needed just such a man as Mr. Eddy here, I hope he will stand fast in the faith, and not "petter out" into Batiste, Lefebvre-Wely and Italian overtures, as all the others have. It may be interesting to students to know that Mr. Eddy averaged six hours a day practice (on piano and organ) the whole time he was in Berlin, and a part of the time as much as nine hours. He did his practice on the pedal piano, which is a great saving in every way—in blowing fee, health and nerve. For more than a year he played Bach's trio Sonatas through daily on his pedal piano at absolute pitch, interlocking the fingers. This was a new idea to me; its effect upon neatness of touch will be apparent on the slightest reflection. Tonight we have Mills and the Apollo club, of which next time. DER FREYSCHUETZ.

THE GENDER OF MUSIC. Speaking of Joachim's violin performance in Paris, the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that it is impossible, hearing Bach played by Herr Joachim, not to be struck by the wonderful spirit of the old master. Herr Joachim, too, can prove bow in hand, that in passages where one might think there was nothing but intricacy, there is beauty in abundance—not, indeed beauty of sentiment, but such beauty as belongs to vigor and robustness of health. Bach's music is essentially masculine, for which reason it finds its fittest exponent in Herr Joachim, most manly of violinists. The music of many a modern composer is of quite a different gender. Chopin's music, for instance, is unmistakably feminine; while the music of Wagner, so barren of melody, can only be looked upon as neuter.

DRINKING SONGS. Why, asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are drinking songs, good or bad, sure to be applauded? The singer may proclaim the rights of violent, vicious drinking, like Caspar in "Der Freischütz," or the secret "per esser felice" in a graceful epicurean sort of way, like *Maffeo Orsini* in "Lucrezia Borgia"; or the special virtues of English "porter-beer," like the curiously named *Plunketto* in "Marta"; or the pleasure to be derived from "the glorious vintage of Champagne," like the late Mr. Harrison in one of Balfe's operas; or he may die drinking, exclaiming "Beviam!" like *John of Leyden* in the "Prophète"; or sing a drinking song entirely out of harmony with his circumstances and character, like the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas—the song fanatically praising the use and even abuse of intoxicating liquor (Mr. Harrison in his Champagne song used to hiccup) never fails in any case to be redemanded. The simple explanation of the phenomenon is probably that the situation of a man singing and in the mood of drinking is eminently lyrical. A "drinking song," moreover, must in the first place be a song—something tuneful, that is to say, with a rhythm, well marked and easy to seize. In Mr. Ambroise Thomas's ponderous masterpiece, for instance, *Hamlet* talks and declaims unmistakable prose, until suddenly feeling himself called upon to sing in praise of wine, he breaks, as a matter of course, into something which, however commonplace, is at least singable.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC,  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Bride Bells. 3. Abto f. Roeskel. 40

"While 'Kling,—ling,—ling,'  
He seemed to hear his home bells ring."

A pretty story of a maid and her faithful sailor  
lad, and the chimes that were always ringing—in  
their thoughts.

I could live in a Desert, if only with thee.

3. Eb to f. Thomas. 40

"So like pilgrims we'll hie to some desert away,  
And live for each other Love's long summer day."

A perfect song, very rich in melody.

Why sinks my Soul desponding.

Quartet. From a melody by Gottschalk.

4. Eb to g Bassford. 40

"And make the Lord, most holy  
Thy strength and righteousness."

Good Soprano Solo, good Bass Solo, good Quartet.

Don't be sorrowful, darling. 2. C to c. Molloy. 35

"We're old folks now, my darling,  
Our heads are growing grey."

Well known poem and song.

Fig Duet. 2. F to f. Howard. 30

"This little pig to market went."

A funny affair that should please the children.

Instrumental.

Setonia Grand March. 2. C. Molloy. 30

A sprightly and vigorous march, with music a  
little out of the regular course.

Union Park Galop. 2. G. Mason. 30

Sprightly, neat and easy.

Overture to Hunyady Laszio. 4. Erkel. \$1.00

A new overture is valuable to all players familiar  
with the more common ones. This is very enter-  
taining, being full of melodies, and is in style sim-  
ilar to the overture to "Martha."

Concert dans la Feuillage. (Concert among  
the Leaves.) Blucette for Piano. 3. G.  
Gobbaerts. 35

At the commencement it reminds one of the old  
"Bird Waltz," but is carried out in a more modern  
and graceful fashion, with arpeggios, trills, etc.

Campanella Waltz. 3. A. Gobbaerts. 40

Campanella means "a little bell," which tinkles  
merrily during the progress of the waltz, which is  
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More properly a Quick Step, and is a good one,  
with a pleasing trio, and a well contrived mixture  
of minor and major passages.

Regatta Galop. 3. G. Aronson. 40

Wide awake piece, which will be appreciated by  
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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked  
1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B  
flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note,  
if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above  
the staff.

